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YARICO TO INKLE,

AN

EPISTLE.

By the AUTHOR of the ELEGY

Written among the RUINS of an ABBEY.

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AN

EPISTLE.

WITH Falſehood lurking in thy ſordid Breaſt,
And Perj'ry's Seal upon thy Heart impreſt,
Dar'ſt Thou, Oh Chriſtian, brave the ſounding Waves,
The treach'rous Whirlwinds, and wide-yawning Graves?
Regardleſs of my Woes ſecurely go,
No curſe-fraught Accents from theſe Lips ſhall flow;
My fondeſt Wiſh ſhall catch thy flying Sail,
Attend thy Courſe, and urge the fav'ring Gale:
May ev'ry Bliſs thy God confers be thine,
And all thy Share of Woe compris'd in mine.

One humble Boon is all I now implore,
Allow theſe Feet to print their kindred Shore:
Give me, Oh Albion's Son, again to roam
For Thee deſerted my delightful Home:
To view the Groves that deck my native Scene,
The limpid Stream, that graceful glides between:
Retrieve the Fame I ſpurn'd at Love's Decree,
Aſcend the Throne which I forſook for Thee:
Approach the Bow'r---(why ſtarts th' unbidden Tear?)
Where once thy YARICO to Thee was dear.

The Scenes the Hand of Time has thrown behind
Return impetuous to my buſy Mind:
'What hoſtile Veſſel quits the roaring Tide
'To harbour here its tempeſt-beaten Side?

'Behold

'Behold the Beach receives the ſhip-wreck'd Crew:
'Oh mark their ſtrange Attire and pallid Hue!
'Are theſe the Chriſtians, reſtleſs Sons of Pride,
'By Av'rice nurtur'd, to Deceit allied?
'Who tread with cunning Step the Maze of Art,
'And maſk with placid Looks a canker'd Heart?
'Yet note, ſuperior to the num'rous Throng,
'(Ev'n as the Citron humbler Plants among)
'That Youth!---Lo! Beauty on his graceful Brow
'With nameleſs Charms bids ev'ry Feature glow.
'Ah! leave, fair Stranger, this unſocial Ground,
'Where Danger broods, and Fury ſtalks around:
'Behold thy Foes advance---my Steps purſue
'To where I'll ſcreen Thee from their fatal View:

'He,

‘ He comes, he comes! th’ ambroſial Feaſt prepare,
‘ The Fig, the Palm-juice, nor th’ Anâna ſpare:
‘ In ſpacious Caniſters nor fail to bring
‘ The ſcented Foliage of the bluſhing Spring:
‘ Ye graceful Handmaids, dreſs the roſeate Bow’r,
‘ And hail with Muſic this auſpicious Hour;
‘ Ah no! forbear---be ev’ry Lyre unſtrung,
‘ More pleaſing Muſic warbles from his Tongue;
‘ Yet, utter not to me the Lover’s Vow,
‘ All, all is thine that Friendſhip can beſtow:
‘ Our Laws, my Station, check the guilty Flame,
‘ Why was I born, ye Powers, a Nubian Dame?
‘ Yet ſee around at Love’s enchanting Call,
‘ Stern Laws ſubmit, and vain Diſtinctions fall:

'And Mortals then enjoy Life's tranſient Day,
'When ſmit with Paſſion they indulge the Sway:
'Yes! crown'd with Bliſs we'll roam the conſcious Grove,
'And drink long Draughts of unexhauſted Love:
'Nor Joys alone, thy Dangers too I'll ſhare,
'With Thee the Menace of the Waves I'll dare:
'In vain---for ſmiles his Brow deep Frowns involve,
'The ſacred Ties of Gratitude diſſolve,
'See Faith diſtracted rends her comely Hair,
'His fading Vows while tainted Zephyrs bear!'

Oh Thou, before whoſe ſeraph-guarded Throne
The Chriſtians bow and other Gods diſown,
If wrapt in Darkneſs thou deny'ſt thy Ray,
And ſhroud'ſt from Nubia thy celeſtial Day!

Indulge this fervent Pray'r to Thee addreſs'd,
Indulge, tho' utter'd from a ſable Breaſt:
May gath'ring Storms eclipſe the chearful Skies,
And mad'ning Furies from thy Hell ariſe:
With glaring Torches meet his impious Brow,
And drag him howling to the Gulf below!
Ah no!---May Heav'n's bright Meſſengers deſcend,
Obey his Call, his every Wiſh attend!
Still o'er his Form their hov'ring Wings diſplay!
If he be bleſt, theſe Pangs admit Allay:
Me ſtill her Mark let angry Fortune deem,
So thou may'ſt walk beneath her cloudleſs Beam.
Yet oft to my wrapt Ear didſt Thou repeat,
That I ſuffic'd to frame thy Bliſs compleat:

For Love's pure Flame I took thy tranſient Fires:
We fondly credit what the Heart deſires.
I hop'd, alas! to breathe thy native Air,
And vie in Splendor with the Britiſh Fair:
Aſcend the ſpeedy Car enchas'd with Gold,
With Robes of Silk this pearl-deck'd Form infold:
Bid on this jetty Hand the Diamond glow,
And choſen Rubies ſparkle from my Brow.
Deluded Sex! the Dupes of Man decreed,
We, ſplendid Victims, at his Altar bleed.
The grateful Accents of thy candy'd Tongue,
Where artful Flatt'ry too perſuaſive hung,
Like Flow'rs adorn'd the Path to my Diſgrace,
And bade Deſtruction wear a ſmiling Face.

Yet form'd by Nature in her choiceſt Mould,
While on thy Cheek her bluſhing Charms unfold,
Who could oppoſe to Thee ſtern Virtue's Shield?
What tender Virgin would not wiſh to yield?
But Pleaſure on the Wings of Time was born,
And I expos'd a Prey to grinning Scorn.
Of low-born Traders---mark the Hand of Fate!
Is YARICO reduc'd to grace the State,
Whoſe impious Parents, an advent'rous Band,
Imbrued with guiltleſs Blood my native Land:
Ev'n ſnatch'd my Father from his regal Seat,
And ſtretch'd him breathleſs at their hoſtile Feet?
Ill-fated Prince! The Chriſtians ſought thy Shore,
Unſheath'd the Sword, and Mercy was no more.

But

But Thou, fair Stranger, cam'ſt with gentler Mind
To ſhun the Perils of the wrecking Wind.
Amidſt thy Foes thy Safety ſtill I plan'd,
And reach'd for galling Chains the Myrtle Band:
Nor then unconſcious of the ſecret Fire
Each Heart voluptuous throb'd with ſoft Deſire:
Ah pleaſing Youth, kind Object of my Care,
Companion, Friend, and ev'ry Name that's dear!
Say, from thy Mind canſt thou ſo ſoon remove
The Records pencil'd by the Hand of Love?
How as we wanton'd on the flow'ry Ground
The looſe-rob'd Pleaſures danc'd unblam'd around:
Till to the Sight the growing Burden prov'd,
How Thou o'ercam'ſt---and how, alas! I lov'd!

Too fatal Proof! ſince Thou, with Av'rice fraught,
Didſt baſely urge (ah, ſhun the wounding Thought!)
That tender Circumſtance---reveal it not,
Leſt torn with Rage I curſe my fated Lot:
Leſt ſtartled Reaſon abdicate her Reign,
And Madneſs revel in this heated Brain:
That tender Circumſtance---inhuman Part---
I will not weep, tho' Serpents gnaw this Heart:
Frail, frail Reſolve! while guſhing from mine Eye
The pearly Drops theſe boaſtful Words belie.
Alas! can Sorrow in this Boſom ſleep,
Where ſtrikes Ingratitude her Talons deep?
When he I ſtill adore, to Nature dead,
For Roſes plants with Thorns the nuptial Bed?

Bids

Bids from the widow'd Couch kind Peace remove,
And cold Indiff'rence blaſt the Bow'r of Love?
What Time his Guardian Pow'r I moſt requir'd,
Againſt my Fame and Happineſs conſpir'd!
And (do I live to breathe the barb'rous Tale?)
His faithful YARICO expos'd to Sale!
Yes, baſely urg'd (regardleſs of my Pray'rs,
Ev'n while I bath'd his venal Hand with Tears)
What moſt for Pity call'd---I can no more---
My future Child---to ſwell his impious Store:
All, all Mankind for this will riſe thy Foe,
But I, alas! alone endure the Woe:
Alone endure the feſt'ring Hand of Care,
The bleeding Soul, and Swoonings of Deſpair.

Was it for this I left my native Plain,
And dar'd the Tempeſt brooding on the Main?
For this unlock'd (ſeduc'd by Chriſtian Art)
The chaſte Affections of my Virgin Heart?
Within this Boſom fan'd the conſtant Flame,
And fondly languiſh'd for a Mother's Name?
Lo! every Hope is poiſon'd in its Bloom,
And Horrors watch around this guilty Womb.

With Blood illuſtrious circling thro' theſe Veins,
Which ne'er was chequer'd with Plebeian Stains,
Thro' Anceſtry's long Line ennobled Springs,
From fame-crown'd Warriors and exalted Kings:
Muſt I the Shafts of Infamy ſuſtain?
To Slav'ry's purpoſes my Infant Train?

To catch the Glances of his haughty Lord?
Attend obedient at the feſtive Board?
From Hands unſcepter'd take the ſcornful Blow?
Uproot the Thoughts of Glory as they grow?
Let this pervade at length thy Heart of Steel;
Yet, yet return, nor bluſh, Oh Man, to feel:
Ah! guide thy Steps from yon expecting Fleet,
Thine injur'd YARICO relenting meet:
Bid her recline woe-ſtricken on thy Breaſt,
And huſh her raging Sorrows into Reſt:
Ah! let the Youth that ſent the cruel Dart,
Extract the Point invenom'd from her Heart:
The Peace he baniſh'd from this Mind recall,
And bid the Tears he prompted ceaſe to fall.

Then while the Stream of Life is giv'n to flow,
And ſable Hue o'erſpread this youthful Brow;
Or curl untaught by Art this woolly Hair,
So long, ſo long to me ſhalt Thou be dear.

Say, lovely Youth, flow all my Words in vain,
Like Seeds that ſtrew the rude ungrateful Plain?
Say, ſhall I ne'er regain thy wonted Grace?
Ne'er ſtretch theſe Arms to catch the wiſh'd Embrace?
Enough---with new-awak'd Reſentment fraught
Aſſiſt me, Heav'n! to tear him from my Thought;
No longer vainly ſuppliant will I bow,
And give to Love what I to Hatred owe;
Forgetful of the Race from whence I came,
With Woe acquainted, but unknown to Shame:

Hence,

Hence, vile Dejection, with thy plaintive Pray'r,
Thy bended Knee, and ſtill deſcending Tear:
Rejoin, rejoin the pale-complexion'd Train---
The Conflict's paſt---and I'm myſelf again.

Thou Parent Sun! if e'er with pious Lay
I uſher'd in thy world-reviving Ray!
Or as thy fainter Beams illum'd the Weſt,
With grateful Voice I hymn'd Thee to thy Reſt!
Beheld with wond'ring Eye thy radiant Seat,
Or ſought thy ſacred Dome with unclad Feet!
If near to thy bright Altars as I drew,
My votive Lamb, thy holy Flamen, ſlew!
Forgive! That I, irrev'rent of thy Name,
Dar'd for thy Foe indulge th' unhallow'd Flame:

Ev'n on a Chriſtian laviſh'd my Eſteem,
And ſcorn'd the ſable Children of thy Beam.
This Poniard by my daring Hand impreſt
Shall drink the ruddy Drops that warm my Breaſt:
Nor I alone, by this immortal Deed
From Slav'ry's Laws my Infant ſhall be freed.
And Thou, whoſe Ear is deaf to Pity's Call,
Behold at length thy deſtin'd Victim fall;
Behold thy once-lov'd Nubian ſtain'd with Gore,
Unwept, extended on the crimſon Floor:
Theſe Temples clouded with the Shades of Death,
Theſe Lips unconſcious of the ling'ring Breath:
Theſe Eyes uprais'd (ere clos'd by Fate's Decree)
To catch expiring one faint Glimpſe of Thee.

Ah!

Ah! then thy YARICO forbear to dread,
My fault'ring Voice no longer will upbraid,
Demand due Vengeance of the Pow'rs above,
Or, more offenſive ſtill, implore thy Love.

FINIS.

Ah! then thy Yarico forbear to dread,
My fault'ring Voice no longer will upbraid,
Demand due Vengeance of the Pow'rs above,
Or, more offenfive ftill, [illegible] thy Love.

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